

The World.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1900.

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LONG'S DAILY CARTOON.



Does Teddy mean to eat some ice?

WHAT MEN ARE BORN TO.

SENATOR Depew to the gentlemen of the Philadelphia convention, in the course of the speech in which he nominated Col. Roosevelt for Vice-President:

It is a peculiarity of American life that our men are not born to anything, but they are there afterward.

The truth is often told in politics as well as in jest. It is only told after the fashion that we call half-truthing in this sentence from the lips of the eloquent doctor of railroads.

It is true that our men are not born to the purple. They are not born to dukedoms or the House of Lords. The overwhelming majority of them are not born to wealth or leisure. But they are born to a share in a Manifest Destiny. They are born heirs to certain rights and doctrines of liberty. They are born to "get there," and this is what the will eventually do, even though that Destiny seem to be diverted for a time, and those rights and doctrines either neglected or misapplied.

There is no more tranquil and tolerant body in the world than that of the great American manhood under conditions that satisfy its conscience and contribute to its comfort. But its tranquillity is that of a mighty river which flows on with a smoothness typical of what might be the confidence born of its own conscious strength.

There is no bulwark of dams who can defy that river once roused to deluging wrath. There is no boss, or other tyrant in politics or government, who will not find it wise to stop on the near side of the limit to the patience of that manhood.

It is not exact to say for all our men that they are "not born to anything," even when reference is had to particular stations and professions.

Grant came out of a tannery, but he was just as surely born to command a great army as was any Caesar or Hannibal. So, too, was Farragut born to a fleet, and so were Sheridan, Sherman, Lee, Jackson and all the brave commanders of '60-'65, North and South, born for the places they filled in a nation's transition act. Circumstances may alter cases; they merely bring out in men what was somehow theirs by birthright all the time.

Lincoln was born for the hour and act of Emancipation.

Patrick Henry was born to the oratory of revolution. Webster was born to the forum of statesmanship, Phillips Brooks was born to demonstrate the greatness of pulpit eloquence.

Poets are always born, of course, but our own Whitier was the specially indicated minstrel of abolition, while Lowell was the native combiner of rhyme with the homely reason that is so distinctly of Yankee origin.

A nation whose men were "not born for anything" would speedily end in nothing.

Our boys split rails, tend stoves, do the farm chores, drive the plough horses, learn to drive mules, set type or do the first thing that catches the youthful hand and fancy. But in them lies somewhere the power and adaptability for "that which they shall do, being men," and for that they were born.

Come again, Dr. Depew. You were born to make us think pleasant things of the men and chances about us.

The story is printed that Col. Roosevelt's "Herodotus" was found in Philadelphia, book-marked at the story of Leonidas's famous stand against the Persians. It is suspected that Mr. Platt stealthily removed the mark.

A New Jersey automobile has, by jumping a stone wall, disposed of the rumor that hurdle races would go out with the coming in of the horseless vehicle.

The effect of Post Laureate Austin's worst is seen in the fact that Alexandra of Wales has been driven to writing her own verse.

The rapid transit route, which has been shortened above Fort George, is still too threatening under the Boulevard trees.

Mr. Cleveland's boom, though full of the guarantee of good faith, has as yet acquired no credentials for Kansas City.

When Major McKinley's amnesty proposition was presented the Philippines we may expect the last day of war.

The grand feast of the Castellan involved, inevitably, the fate of a few more Gould thousands.

There's no place like home, Mr. Croker, for the old man's bread elsewhere.

Politics to-morrow unless the roads are

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY TO GIRLS.

SHOULD WORKERS WED IN THEIR OWN STATION?

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"ANNETTE" writes me in a very thoughtful letter:
"I am a young girl nineteen years old and am a victim of a very strict mother. I am only poor working girl, but she has decided that I cannot marry a poor man."
"I am sure that I can never meet a rich man to marry me and love me as he would a girl of wealth."
"A gentleman of thirty-five years has asked me to marry him, and it has made endless trouble in our house. My mother says I should look higher than a man depending on a salary."
"He has a fine position with the Government. What ought I to do?"
My dear, the Lord forbids that you should act under such a hard.



LET YOUR MOTHER DECIDE YOUR FUTURE.

any other counsel than that of the mother who loves you, and who is the one person in all the world, as you will realize fully in after years, who has your interest deeply at heart!

It is but natural that every mother who has ever known and felt the sting of poverty, with its accompanying privations and heartaches, should wish to save the child she loves from a like fate. Your mother's strictness is a beautiful virtue, instead of a fault, my dear child.

As to meeting a rich young man who is on marriage intent in the case of a poor girl, of course there is always such a possibility, but it is hardly a probability, unless you have well-to-do relatives or acquaintances to aid in bringing it about.

A Government position is certainly a steady one, and

The older a man grows the more hampering becomes his labor.

If you love him well enough to face any hardships the future might hold, should sickness come to him and he be unable to retain his position because of it, and last, but by no means least, if your dear mother's consent could be won, I see no reason why you should not marry him, providing he is an honorable man, for you might do very, very much worse.

Talk the matter over wisely and gently with your mother, and let her decide your future.

You will feel surer then that your future will stretch through happier paths, and more of sunshine will glint across it than ominous shadows.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.
Laura Jean Libbey writes The Evening World by arrangement with the Family Story Paper.

TALMAGE'S & SATURDAY 2 SERMON.

Promises of Grace: in What the Saviour Did for Us.

THAT all the worlds which on a clear night make the heavens one great glitter are without inhabitants is an absurdity. Scientists tell us that many of these worlds are too hot or too cold or too rarefied of atmosphere for residence. We are told that the world of Jupiter is swinging and becoming fit for creatures like the human race, and that Mars would do for the human family with a little change in the structure of our respiratory organs.

But that there is a great world (swimming somewhere)



REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

and that is the headquarters of the universe, and the metropolis of immensity, and has a population in numbers vast beyond all statistics, and appointments of splendor beyond the capacity of canvas, or poem or angel to describe, is as certain as the Bible is authentic.

That is where Prince Jesus lived nineteen cen-

turies ago. He was the King's Son. It was the old homestead of eternity, and all its castles were as old as God.

Already enthroned was the Heavenly Prince side by side with the Father. What a circle of dominion! What multitudes of admirers! What unending round of glories! All the towers chimed the Prince's praise. Of all the inhabitants, from the centre of the city, on over the hills and clear down to the beach against which the ocean of immensity rolls its billows, the Prince was the acknowledged favorite.

But one day there came a big disaster in a department of God's universe. A race fallen! A world in ruins! Our planet the scene of catastrophe! A globe swinging out into darkness, with mountains, seas and islands, an awful centrifugal of sin, seeming to overpower the beautiful centripetal of righteousness, and from it a groan reached heaven. Such a sound had never been heard there. At that one groan the Prince rose from all the blissful surroundings and started for the outer gate and descended into the night of this world.

Out of what a bright harbor into what a rough sea! "Stay with us," cried angel after angel and potentate after potentate. "No," said the Prince, "I cannot stay; I must be off for that wreck of a world. I must stop that groan. I must hush that distress. I must fathom that abyss. I must redeem those nations. Farewell, thrones and temples, hosts cherubim, seraphim, archangels! I will come back again, carrying on my shoulder a ransomed world. Till this is done I choose earthly sojourn to heavenly acclamation, and a cattle pen to a king's palace, a frigid zone of earth to atmosphere of celestial radiance."

Who can count the miles from the top of the throne to the bottom of the cross? Down until there was no other harassment to suffer, poor until there was no other pauperism to torture. Billions of dollars spent in wars to destroy men, who will furnish the statistics of the value of that precious blood that was shed to save us? "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor." Yes, yes, for your sakes! It was not on a pleasure excursion that he came, for it was all pain. It was not up an astronomical exploration, for he knew this world as well before he alighted as afterward. It was not because he was compelled to come, for he volunteered. It was not because it was easy, for he knew that it would be thorn, and spike, and hunger, and thirst, and vociferation of angry mobs.

"For your sakes!" To wipe away your tears, to forgive your wrongdoings, to companionship your loneliness, to soothe your sorrows, to sit with you by the new-made grave, to bind up your wounds in the ugly battle with the world and bring you home at last, kindling up the mist that fell on your dying vision with the sunlight of a glorious morn.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

AN AUTOMOBILE OF 1834.



DR. CHURCH'S STEAM COACH, INVENTED IN 1834.
The accompanying picture represents an automobile which was run in England in 1834. It was a sort of omnibus in the rear of which a steam boiler supplied the motive power. The machine, which was known as Dr. Church's steam coach, was too clumsy to gain popularity.

BIRTHDAY LUCK.

Sunday and Monday, June 24 and 25.
If you were born on either of these days, regardless of the year and the hour, this is what fortune has in store for you:

Sunday, June 24.
Today is unfavorable, so rest.
Your coming year is an unfavorable one, and many anxieties will be in evidence. The greatest care is advised in all affairs, especially in home, social and financial matters. Avoid law, and look sharp to accidents. Guard also against fire and theft, and avoid speculation.

Monday, June 25.
It is an evil day. Remain quiet and attend strictly to business.

You have a serious year before you, with many unfavorable matters appearing. Look well to your mental conditions and be cheerful, looking upon the bright side of things. Remember hard luck does not always last. Do not change. Copyrighted by Sphinx Magazine, Boston.

FUN THE JOKERS WEAVE FOR THE SUMMER EVE.

TRUTHFUL AT ANY RATE.

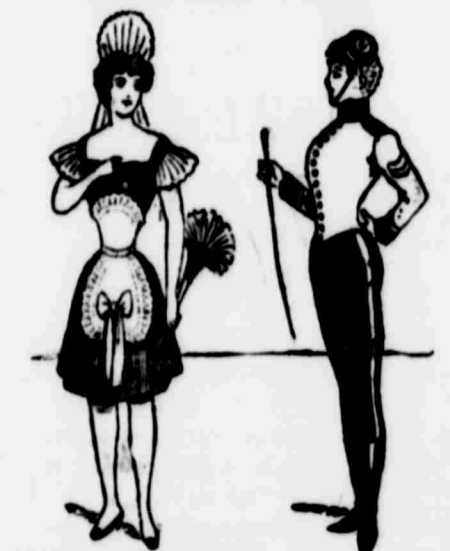


Clergyman—Shall I see you at church to-morrow, William?
William—No, sir, I don't think you will. I'm going fishin'.

HOLDING ON AND LETTING GO.

"The most difficult problem in life is to grow old gracefully."
"Oh, I don't think so; it is much more of a problem to stay young gracefully."

OH, THOSE GIRLS!



Jennie—Is Bosham well off?
Bosham—Must be—he never pays anybody.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

"Yes, sir; I put in months of hard work forming that girl's mind."
"Well?"
"Then she said she wouldn't have me."

THE PROPER POSITION.



"How people can bear to ride with their noses on the handlebars I cannot see."—Fiddle Blaster.

A LINEN COAT AND SKIRT.



A pretty linen costume made of blue linen with facings of white linen made after the above style. Here and there on the collar, cuffs, bands and the skirt are headings of white thread and strappings of blue linen.

MUSIC BOX IN FINGER RING.

THE most charming little ring in the world is the property of Mr. Temple, of London. This gentleman is a nephew of Sir Richard Temple, and the ring in question is a highly-prized old family heirloom. Inside of this tiny circle of gold are the works of a perfect little musical box. You touch a spring and hold the ring quite close to your ear. Then you hear the sweetest, wildest, tiniest little tune, which seems like a voice from spirit land.

GOLD IN THE OCEAN.

GERMAN mathematicians have calculated that three tons of sea water hold about a half-pennyworth of gold, and that if all the gold in the oceans of the globe could be collected it would make a gold coin measuring 100 metres on each side, and worth about \$20,000,000,000.

NOT APPRECIATED.

"Now, little boy," said the master, "notice the boot-black. He begins at the foot."
"And I suppose you are going to say he is a shining example," spoke the boy. "Get out!"
And then he went around the corner thoroughly disgusted with object-lessons in general.

AFTER DINNER.



Diner—Ticket.
Clerk—What station?
Diner—What station 've-you-got?—Punch.

NO WONDER.



He—Did you know George was very ill last evening?
She—What was the cause?
He—Why, at sixty minutes past 7 he ate o'clock.

HE WAS RELIGIOUS.

"Hail! They served that fellow right," exclaimed Mrs. Henpeck, as she finished reading the report of a bigamy case.

"What is it, my dear?" asked her husband.
"He was arrested and very promptly jailed because he took one wife too many."
"Heaven! I wonder if they'll be after me next?"

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Meaning of "Lentoo."

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Will readers kindly tell me the meaning of the name "Lentoo" and its derivation? JOHN W. PRICE.
How Many Square Feet?

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Let readers figure out how many square feet in a piece of land whose four sides are 5 1/2 feet, 10 1/2 feet, 25 1/2 feet and 125 1/2 feet. H. B.

A Scriptural Point.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Will some clerical reader explain briefly what is meant by the phrase in the Psalms: "Frees among the dead?" THOMAS G. BARNETT.

Tells How Cable Break is Located.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
In reply to "E. G." asking how to locate a break in the Atlantic cable: An apparatus has been devised for measuring the resistance which is caused by the conductor of a cable. The unit of resistance is called an ohm. The exact resistance per nautical mile is known to electricians in charge. Resistance ceases at the point where conductor makes considerable contact with the water. Example: If the known resistance per mile is two ohms and the measuring

REMEDY FOR POISON.

It is said that raw eggs and milk are a sure remedy for poison of any kind taken into the stomach. This is information that may do a deal of good, if remembered, and cannot possibly be productive of any harm.

MENTAL STRAIN AND WEIGHT.

THE weights of classes of students before and after examination have been made the subject of recent investigation. In high classes, where naturally the examination was most felt, several pounds were lost, showing how the mental strain was felt. In lower classes the loss was not so great.

THE SONG OF PLATT.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT'S gone to sea. Won't come back to worry me. Sing heigho for Teddy! Swore I couldn't make him "Hi." Thought I'd try it just a bit— Now things going steady. Hanna, Mack and Tiny Tim Won't a countin' much on him; I was gettin' ready. See me bring 'em into line? Or man's up an' feelin' fine! Sing ho, me teddy!

Broken ribs an' achin' teeth. Saints an' powers underneath! Oh, but he was steady. Ain't nobody in our flat. Cuttin' up with Uncle Platt.

When he's up an' ready. Teddy Roosevelt's gone to sea. Won't come back to worry me. Good-by, Gov'nor Teddy. J. OTIS SWIFT.

THE WORST OF IT.



Dear, Dear Old Lady—There, isn't that a pretty sight—to see two dear little boys so sweetly affectionate to each other!



But if she could only have overheard—"Gimme back my marble, d'ye hear? or I'll smash yer over the 'or!'"

MIGHT SHARPEN IT.

"One of the notes in my cabinet organ is a trifle flat. I wonder if there is any way to have it fixed."
"I should think a good organ grinder might be able to do something with it."

WHAT DID HE EXPECT?



Cooper—Hey, waiter, is this a three-minute egg? Waiter—Three-minute egg? Why, sir, you must think we has a hen out in the kitchen layin' them to order.

FREMONT'S WIDOW.

apparatus indicates a total resistance of 200 ohms, the position of the break is 60 miles from shore. With this information the captain determines by his charts the course of the cable, and the latitude and longitude in which the break has occurred. C. R. M. R. R.

Quotes Proverbs to Pensive Fathers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I see a father asks advice what to do as to a disobedient daughter. It says in the Bible, Proverbs, Chapter 21: "The rod and reproof give wisdom, but a child left to itself bringeth its parents to shame." And a little further on in the same chapter: "Correct thy son and he shall give thee rest." Corporal punishment will bring bad effects if indiscriminately administered, but the same may be said of everything else, and I think it much more merited to whip a child in moderation than to nag at it. Children brought up with severity love their parents much better than those brought up loosely. J. A.

A Lesson in Acrobatics.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I wish some expert would tell about a hundred thousand of your daily readers how to get off a moving car without having to take a vacation at Bellevue or some other hospital. NEW YORK CITY.

FREMONT'S WIDOW.



Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, widow of Gen. J. C. Fremont, fractured her hip by a fall a few days ago, but is doing well, despite her seventy-nine years. She lives at Los Angeles, Cal., in a house presented to her by the ladies of that place. Mrs. Fremont married secretly at sixteen and was married again to her husband to the day of his death.